

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Canibus /\ Cambatta"

(feat. Cambatta)

*[Canibus:]*

I'm a nine-dimensional being spitting photon directional beams  
CBD serve my medical needs  
Move your ass, nigga ain't got no gravitas  
I'ma tell you one time, me and you are not sized  
There is no secret for patience, the key to being patient is sacred  
And those results are not easily taken  
You want to build? Do it for real  
Unite, brother, still sharp as steel  
Listen to me, just (breathe)  
Yea, I be old-school growling, communities by the thousands and counting  
Coming down off a Mingledorff mountain with books and tube pouches  
And million dollar equipment vouchers  
Education, you ain't shit without it  
How about it? They took the game make it hard to support that lane  
YouTube views probably bought that fame  
I'd rather go to bass shop pro than deal with yo ignorant ass, yo  
'cause our people are always last to know  
Rap music should have been had unions, but it don't  
Try to get 'em to stop the confusion, but they won't  
And now here we are, 2018, still got the same problems  
Chaos a prelude to conflict  
You know necessity is the mother of ideas  
And a bad idea is the father of all fears  
The black and loud herd mentality crowd dreadlocks  
Be looking like some dirty ass black and mild's  
If you ain't melanated? Black or brown? you ain't down  
How that sound? Who's possessed by the spirit of a savage now?  
You better check them false facts in your files  
Division'll have your mouth starving looking for a hand out  
Man down, everybody fan out, it's your fault the plan went south  
Say the word you the big man now  
I don't think so, they move every way the wind blow  
Kimbo, purse snatch a bimbo don't get shit tho  
Homie, these niggas lonely and phony  
Crowd-funded for groceries, some of these Hotep niggas is hungry  
I germinated the waters, you just tasting out of my faucet  
You like the taste? We created the sources/sauces  
The Jamaican mason cooking Cajun bacon with a fig-leaf apron  
With the information to raise a nation  
The green is the unk, the black is the God  
My gold staff is a stick that makes buckets of lard  
Lord have mercy, that nigga got bars  
James Bond with a turbo-saw, but still they resent the God  
Spit bars til my voice goes hoarse, circular saws slice jaws  
No novacaine but take twice as long

I am the monk of Mingledorff, I mutilate every single song  
My drum machine cut your fingers off  
Let's talk; I see where you went wrong  
You was smoking embalming fluid out the morgue and held your breathe too long  
Yea, I'm floored but my God is an awesome God  
Meanwhile, your paws are too short to walk with dogs  
Mt. Rushmore Olmec face; your security clearance not up to date  
So I'ma have to stop you at the gate  
Thermovision whistles and bells, your superheat smells  
So on your way to hell let me give you this cool gel  
Sound off, let me hear you yell; who you gonna tell?  
When I was proof-reading the grail? You was learning how to spell  
Talk to my abbot; I hooked the dragon up to your wagon  
2018, you talking about horsepower, you lackin'  
Layerin raps, matching, you still mackie-board four tracking  
Rip the Jacker got all the action  
Canibus, canned by the classic, Full Spectrum Dominance  
Triple blackness, unleash the albino kraken

*[Cambatta:]*

On the bible, I swore solemnly  
Lord watching me, born of a moor progeny  
Source of a pure prophecy  
Before Constantine, travel to Nicaea and courted a core following  
Modestly, freedom before sovereignty  
I don't believe in the theme of a war policy  
Amistad, land of the street and like four blocks from me  
Cinque speaking and God orator pompously  
My phrase couplets change the way brains function  
Hard metal skin brown coz it's rain rusted  
Tie ropes to your limbs then i play puppets  
Cut a hole in your stomach then i make munchkins  
I hate tongues to taste tastebuds  
If you taste my tastebuds you'll taste bud  
I showed up at gunfights and gave hugs  
Make em put they guns down  
Shoot em with the same gun, blame drugs  
Failure is the best lesson  
She didn't know my name but she kept guessing  
I told her gold string makes the best threading  
When I rump, my steel skin deflects weapons  
Teflon chest vested, lungs burning  
Breath conjure sweat resin, ep-lep-tic (epileptic)  
Before the beginning I knew the best ending  
Thought of the answer before the next question  
Soothsayer, earth sun moonmaker  
Born instantly, mother never knew labor  
Shroom taker, Obi with the blue saber  
Legend King James left out like a new maker, who's greater?  
I draw a circle on a Etch A Sketch  
No birth defects but I got death defects  
Exhale, reach out, catch the breath  
We inhale it back in before the second breath

Melchizedek, hope is like a god that I never met  
Sleeping so hard that I rest erect  
I found a treasure chest  
I'ma carry as much as my hands hold  
Then I'm leaving you whatever's left  
I rotate the earth with my feet  
Like I'm running on the top exterior of a hamster wheel  
He's the Morpheus, I'm the Exile  
In the simulation, we got the keys and the pills  
Dr. Seuss, talk to Zeus  
Jump up, grab your son, alleyoop  
Break the chain to the subconscious loop  
Prophets' moms are commonly prostitutes  
God's recruit, lies are the honest truth  
Crabs are big spiders in lobster suits (cute)  
Pen sharp, when I write cut a desk in half  
My writtens are better chiseled in metal slabs  
Lift iron, my sceptre's a magnetic staff  
Long blade hidden inside like a machete has  
Repentin pennin a pentagram in a pantograph  
Fresh up out the pen in a pentagon with a weapon stash  
Get it past, sleight of hand, Penn & Teller fast  
Fast like the Pentium i9 that Dell'll have  
Heavy like appendix that Adele'll have  
White singer, Lightbringer, let the devil cast  
Horse legs, Annamite figure goat head attached  
Born Siamese till I ate the second half like a breakfast snack  
Colorblind, only see things in the three that my spectrum has  
Green, red and black like the Kenyan flag  
Every fella Helen Keller ever met is black  
I love neck so much I bought a pet giraffe  
Bang arm like funny bone and then I laugh  
Fist iron, beat sand out a heavy bag  
Right jab, right jab, tip to the left and jab  
Left body uppercut, head hit the leather mat  
Hopefully he wakes up after ten seconds pass  
I hit him harder than gettin past a depressin past  
I throw my du-rag in the sea and drink of a three  
Hundred and sixty degree tidal wave  
We are each one cell in a giant brain  
Life a game, self is the boss in the final stage  
Compared to the Nephilim, Yao Ming's a dwarf  
King of lords with double door to Mingledorff  
Cambatta, Canibus, bring a cross  
Carry it up a mountain till we exhaust